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John the Evangelist.

THE INTERLUDE OF JOHAN THE EVANGELIST

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This reprint of *Johan the Evangelist* has been prepared by the General Editor and checked by Arundell Esdaile.

Dec. 1906. W. W. Greg.

The entry 'Iohn Evangelist. I[nterlude].' is found in the list of plays appended to the edition of the *Old Law* printed for Edward Archer in 1656, and the same title, without the description, appears in Kirkman's lists of 1661 and 1671. Langbaine in 1691 also gives the title, adding: 'a Piece which I never saw.' Gildon, however, in his revision of the latter in 1699 remarks: 'The Title page of this also shews the Subject Divine,' an allusion to the woodcut on the first page which proves that he must have had a copy in his hands. The title is repeated without further information by subsequent writers down to Chetwood, who published his *British Theatre* anonymously in 1750. Here, under the heading 'Plays Wrote by Anonymous Authors in the 15th [should be 16th] Century,' we find the entry '*Johnne* the Evangeliste, an Interlude, 1566.' There is, however, no reason to suppose that the entry is based on any independent authority, or that the date given is more than a guess. Chetwood added dates to most plays, and they are in many instances manifestly fictitious. His entry of the present piece was copied in all subsequent lists (D. E. Baker in 1764 adding '4to') down to Halliwell; Hazlitt omitted it. It may be confidently assumed that no bibliographer since Gildon had set eyes on the play.

In the spring of 1906 the discovery was made in a library in Ireland of a volume of early plays, among which was the interlude of *Johan the Evangelist*. The plays were sold at Sotheby's on 30 June, when the present piece fell to the British Museum for the sum of one hundred and two pounds. Its press mark is C. 34. i. 20.

The play is in quarto, undated, but bearing in the colophon the name of John Waley. This printer was engaged in active

business from 1546 to 1586. The catalogue of the British Museum assigns the edition to c. 1565 on general grounds of typographical style, but the fact that, contrary to his action in the case of *Youth* and *Wealth and Health*, Waley does not appear to have entered the piece on the Stationers' Register, may suggest a date before July 1557. It is not improbable that parts at least of the play were written at a considerably earlier period.

There is, indeed, evidence that an earlier edition, if not an earlier version, existed, for on 8 Nov. 1520 an Oxford bookseller recorded in his accounts the sale of '1 saint jon euuangeliste en trelute 1[*d.*]' (*Day-Book of John Dorne*, ed. F. Madan, Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885).

The present reprint aims at following the original in all essential respects. It should, however, be said that it has proved impossible in practice to distinguish consistently between 'u' and 'n' in black-letter texts. These have therefore been treated as being in form identical, and have been differentiated in the reprint according to the apparent intention of the author. No authority is claimed for this distinction, and if anyone should desire to read 'indicat' in l. 225, no serious objection need be raised. Appended is a list of such readings in the original (not being matters of punctuation) as appear to be due to errors of the press, including likewise a few typographical irregularities which have been set right in the reprint. The type in which the original is printed is the usual black-letter of the period, of the size known as English (20 ll. = 95 mm.). It may be mentioned that the ornament inscribed '**aue : mar**', which appears on the right hand of the title-page, is also found in the Britwell *Everyman* printed by Skot.

Irregular and Doubtful Readings.

4. ẅ (the superscript letter is indistinguishable)
13. raupſſhet
74. A rede.
105. ſedyng (leding)
124. Jes (yes)
155. affaye (?)
165. Engenio. (?)
180. loſte (luſte ?)
236. infyrmacyon
255. auy (?)
263. talled (?)
265. reſyded
268. knane (?)
302. ſhall
319. Eugenie.
325. brn (bin)
369. aftar
384. bane (?)
398. couyſell (counſell)
417. wyſe;
430. Jes (yes)
455. ſenſualyte
478. kue (?)
564. ſiye (ſye ?)
570. perable
586. diſpyſed
600. than (that)
611. ſythed (tythed)
624. owe (lowe ?)
645. worlde (worſe ?)
649. pnblycan (?)

It may also be noted here that in the following words the 'w' belongs to a different fount from that usually employed: 87 **with**, 233 **with**, 286 **wyll**, 384 **and thowowe**, 629 **wherfore**, 649 **was.**

List of Characters.

Saint Johan the Evangelist.
Eugenio.
Irisdision.
Actio.
Evil Counsel.
Idleness.

It is not clear whether l. 1 is intended as a speaker's name or as a head-title, but it seemed best to include it in the numbering. The probability is that the first speech belongs to Irisdision.

Here begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Euangelyst.

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¶ Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.

Omine ante te omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this worlde wt som
Is to haue meditacyon of our lorde Jesus
Very contemplatyue god / worshypped thus
Bethynkyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the texte dothe teche
In medytacyon who so hath fervence
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte
That holyest fruycyon is of so hye intellygence

Thus yf ye wyll be stedfaste and trewe
Jesu wyll than with his grace you renewe
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui viuit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.

¶ finis.

¶ Thus endeth the Enterlude of sayne Johan the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London in Foster lane by Johñ Waley.

FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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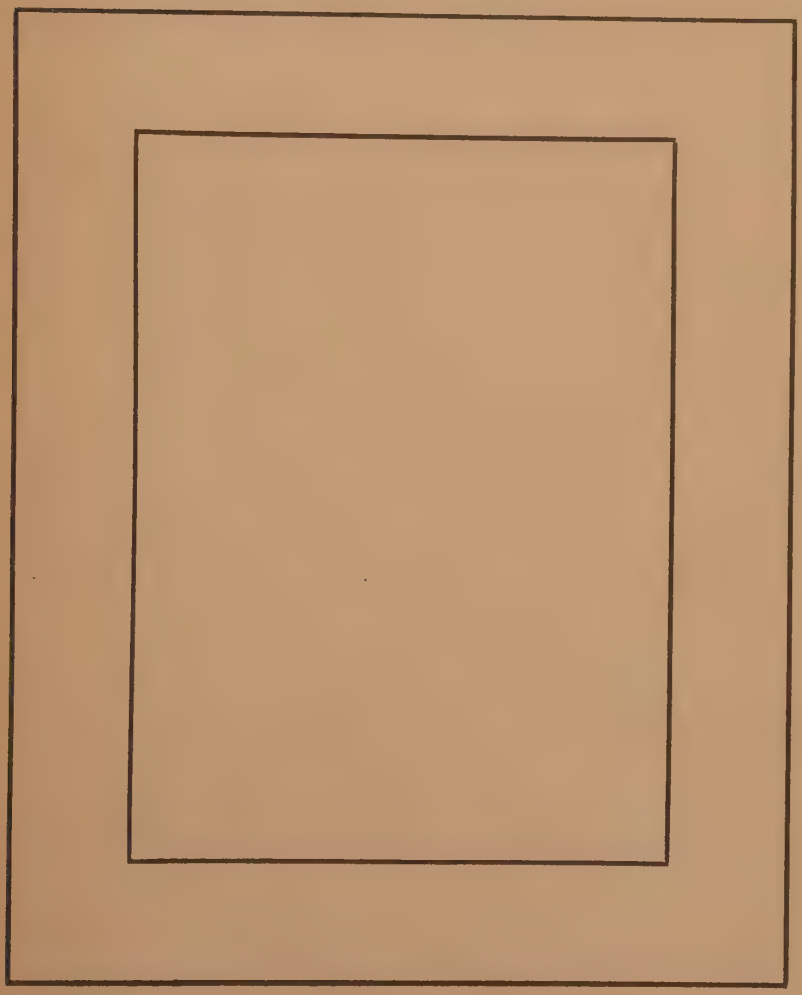
¶ Here begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Euangelyst.



☞ Saynt Johan the Euangelyſt.

DOmine ante te omne deſiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non eſt abſconditus
The ſweteſt lyfe ſouerayn in this worlde w̃ ſom
Is to haue meditacyon of our lorde Jeſus
Very contemplatyue god / worſhypped thus
Bethynkyng in the ſoule / without any ſpeche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the texte dothe teche
In medytacyon who ſo hath forſence
The mouthe can not expreſſe the thoughtes of the herte
That holyeſt fruyſſyon is of ſo hye intellygence
As it rauyſſhet the ſoule in to a bleſſed deſerte
It feleth no erthly thyng vnto the tyme it reuerte
Thus fared Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was ſo experte
For the aungell at the ſepulcre / loue ſo her conſtrayned
The cauſe why I reherce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne exercyſe expreſſe
Who ſo wyll labour in this / muſt ſe his habytacyon
Be ſolytary in ſoule / of great quyetneſſe
Therfore euer to the churche I do me dreſſe
Reſt / reuerence / and worſhyp ther in ſhulde be
With cryeng on Chryſt / and our ſynnes confeſſe
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Qui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope
A thouſand foure hundred / and neuer a day leſſe
That hath herde this noble ſermon / and theron doth hope
A pena et culpa / here I them releſſe
Is it not pyte ſuche a pulpet man to leſe
I praye you ſyr let vs here more of youre pope holynes

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For me thynke I haue herde you preche or this at Poules (crosse
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Whome call you pope holye.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Suche a foole as thou art that clappest euer in diuinite
❧ Irisdision.
¶ All vertues people to commende is my propertie.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Than is Caton false / and that he endytes
For he sayth (Nec te collaudas / nec te culpaberis ipse)
Great laudacyons loueth these hypocrytes
(Qui se colaudat) &c.
No more to you at this tyme
But vnderstande you this latyne.
❧ Irisdysion.
¶ Ye syr I trowe.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Responde tunice domine doctor clericorum
But syr knowe you any iustes of corum.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Why so?
❧ Eugenio.
¶ A felowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum
For a cupple horses he stale in an euenynge.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ What wolde ye haue me do in that case.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Sursum corda for hym to synge
Ye shulde haue well why.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ I can not synge.
❧ Eugenio.

¶ No syr ye shulde but make a spryngе
Under a perche / lokyng vp towarde the skye.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Without god be thy frende / ẏ same deth shalt thou dye
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Mary I beshrewe his herte that so can prophesye.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ What is thy name?
❧ Eugenio.
¶ A rede.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Eugenio I trowe the same.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ A syr the deuyll stryke of thy hede
Horeson who taught the so ryght to rede
I trowe some yuell spyryte be within the.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I feare thou wylte neuer come to that holy Syone
That with twelue precyous stones is surely walled
Full strayte is the waye thyder to gone
And in to that castell entrynge is none
Without thou acquaynte the with two porters before
Hope is the fyrst / and Faythe the other one.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Lo so gostely he prateth euermore
Ye dare not coughe your conscience is so holy
But I pray you shewe me before
Which is the way to yonder castell ye prayse so greatelye.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Ouer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye
Than to the pathe of pacyence shalte thou passe

In to the lande of largenes holde for the laye
And in the lane of beſyneſſe loke thou not baſſhe
Than meaſure in a marſſhe / a fayre maner haſſe
Reſte there hardely / and abyde all nyght.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ May that I wyll not by this lyght
But what calleſt thou this way.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ Via recta / ſedyng to lyfe
So Dauid named it in his daye
(Spes mea ſtetit in via recta)

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Paſſeth all men by this iourneye.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ May / and the more pytie verely I ſaye.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that waye moſte.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ They that be enſpyred with the holy gooſte
As innocentes and virgins.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I knowe none ſuche in all this coſte.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ They that goo thyder muſte be (Gratia electi)

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ Jes on the lefte ſyde another there is
That is called (Via obliqua et via circularis)

❧ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ Euen ryght to dethe
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he slethe.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Syr who gothe that way so yll.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ All they that worketh the deuels wyll
As (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impii ambulantes)
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ Syxe score and odde I saye.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Than one can not sayle where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the stewes that waye
At his pleasure yf he lyste to playe.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ It brynges men to the seete of rufull araye
The lady of confusion lyeth therin
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Whiche way costeth that countray.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ To an yle in the north I saye
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)
❧ Eugenio.
¶ That is the fyrst place that men shulde assaye
Whether it be hedged or walled.
❧ Irisdision.
¶ With bowes and trees it is meruayloufly paled
There groweth the elders of enuye
Staked with pryde full hye

And the bꝛeꝛes of bakbytyng with wꝛath wꝛethed aboute
Full of flouthy buſſhes and lecherous thoꝛnes dꝛye
With glotonous poſtes / and couetyſe rayled thꝛoughoute
And at myſcheues gate many dothe in ronne.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

❧ Iryſdyſyon.

¶ Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly loꝛde that is in bale blyſſes
There is wo vpon wo / as Chꝛiſt vs telleth
All that may dyſeaſe and nothyng pleaſe / euer reſtleſſe
There is froſte / there is fyꝛe
Hope is loſte and her deſyꝛe
There care hath no recouer
Without pytie there is payne
To cꝛye foꝛ mercy it is in vayne
Foꝛ grace is gone foꝛ euer
(Finit toꝛmentoꝛum ſuoꝛum
Aſcendit in ſecula ſeculoꝛum)
Lo thus hath loſte wedded confuſyon
Lucefers doughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue heꝛytage
(Septum dominium peccati eſt moꝛs)

❧ Eugenio.

¶ In fayth that is a knauyſſhe way to walke
Nowe a whyle of ſome myꝛthe let vs talke
Foꝛ I foꝛſake that paſſage.

❧ Iriſdiſion.

¶ Nowe farewell fyꝛ and haue good daye
Foꝛ I muſt goo another waye
Foꝛget not my reaſons ſage.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ What wyll ye goo your way
Ye haue done a fayre iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
For I am wery of your talkyng
Lo syrs he spake full holyly
But yet I beshrewe hym for all his clergy
He may well be called witlesse syr wyll
For I trowe his brayne is stedfast as a wyndemyll
But nowe well remembred by bokes Amromes
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde auoyde all stryues
It were to me / administrate nos
Et restaurate nos / also comfortate nos
Ye / and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath meryer lyues
Than they that do all the coste
As to wedde at the churche dore / and there to be sworne
Perhap her husband shulde haue an horne
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was borne
For all the loue is loste
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do venter to breke it
For though theyr soules shulde lye in hell pyt
They wyll vse that sory werke
And yf they so dye
Atropos cometh full sodeynly
And or they beware full slyly
He ledeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembre this

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great delyte thou mayſt haue therin
That afore god it is deedly ſynne
But farewell / yonder cometh ſyr Wyllyam of trentram.

✠ S. Johan the Euangelyſte.

¶ That lorde whiche is princypall
Conſerue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do paſſe with dethes vyſytacyon
This prince bryngе you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
I am Johan / that preſently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne yf ye lyſte to here
Moche can I ſhewe you of Chriſtes incarnacyon
And of his paſſyon / for verely I was there
I ſawe hym hange on the croſſe on hye on hye
His mother and I ſtode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And ſawe Longes ſmyte his herte a ſonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen theyr ſoules ſhall reche
There hauyng ioye that neuer ſhall ceaſe
But nowe the trowe loue that we ſhulde to god owe
Men gyueth it to rycheſſe that is mutable
Full ſore they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of mynde ſo vnſtable

Yf any man wyll haue ryches goostly
I wyll hastely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chere
My commynge hythere was for youre furtheraunce
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

Actio.

¶ Nowe mery myght you be
Who was that that called me
So erly to daye
One reysed me with a bolle of water
Here was a shrewde mater
Sodaynly one to afraye
It was some knaue my brother
Beshrewe hym and none other
For that araye
I was faste a slepe
Tyll I felte the wete
Full styll I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryssen to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the faythe that nowe gose
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Ofte do I ronne awaye
And where so euer I go
One good condycion haue I to
I vse neuer trouthe to saye
Also I haue a great disease yf ye wyll me leue

Euen here fyrs in the bottom of my fleue.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ By god fyr and I do laye a playſter to your cote
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

❧ Actio.

¶ Eugenio / fro whence come you.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Fro thence that ye were ſpoke of ryght nowe
ye ſhall haue an offyce.

❧ Actio.

¶ What is that I pray you tell me.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ By my fayth ye ſhall be hangeman of Calys
Therto ye be appoynted verely.

❧ Actio.

¶ Than the fyrſte man that ſhall be hanged ſhall thou be
For I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Nay fyr / but herke what I ſhall the ſay
Here was one late this ſame daye
That diſprayſed rycheſſe worldly
He ſayd he that dothe forſake proſperytie
And take hym to wylfull pouerte
He ſhall haue ioy eternally.

❧ Actio.

¶ What was he?

❧ Eugenio.

¶ A doctour as ſemed me
He ſpake as holyly
As though god had ben his colyne.

❧ Actio.

¶ Ye but was he not myred with hypocrely.

❧ Eugenie.

¶ No man / he ſpake ſo goodly
He had almoſte chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than aſke my ſelfe for charytie.
❧ Actio.
¶ Why woldeſt thou haue brn ſo wytty
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy ſelf a beggyng
For ſo wyll not I do yet truſt me.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Syr he promeſt moſte largely
That I ſhulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I ſhall dye neuer
Thus alſo he ſayd verely
That I ſhulde fele there no yll
And haue all that I deſyre wyll
And ſe god in his maieſtie
Alſo he promeſt me a greater hyre
That I ſhulde haue all that I wolde deſyre.
❧ Actio.
¶ I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayſt thou not ſe all daye
That they that vſeth ſporte and playe
Lyueth at eaſe merely
They haue moſte hertyeſt reſte
And fareth of the beſte
That thus ſpendeth theyr lyues in iolyte.
❧ Eugenio.
¶ Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou ſayeſt full trewe
yf I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

I trowe I ſhulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purſe that ſowneth not trynke
His mayſter weareth a threde bare hode.

❧ Actio.

¶ Ye ye man / that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a ſpace
For yuell counſayle hyther wyll ſpede
That perſon I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Go we hence than in tyme
Haſtely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pryme
His ſermonde wolde I here fayne.

❧ Yuell counſayle.

¶ By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gappynge
By oure ladye a mayſtere I haue ſoughte nye and farre
For ſythe I came fro Rocheſter
I haue ſpente all my wynnynge
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Couentry
For there knaues ſet me on the pyllery
And thrwe egges at my hede
So ſore that my noſe dyd blede
Of whyte wyne galons thurty
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentyſe with yuell counſell
And ſo men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
Yf ſommer were come and fayre wether
And lyue full merely

I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe
Uyllage / towne / cytie / and borowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles / and many a proude gentyll man
That shreudly roundeth many a pystell
Whan they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partaynyng to Uenus actes
With fayre flaterynge wordes and prety knackes
Both men and women they bynge to lechery
Through me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmynster / saynt Katheryns / and in vnthryftes rent
There I rested very lately
Nowe sayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my counsell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ What art thou tell me that speketh this.
❧ Yuell counsayle.
¶ Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I therto.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ Why what seruyce canst thou do.
❧ Iuell counsayle.
¶ Bothe steale and lye / and on your erande go
To fette an other mannes wyfe to your bedde.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ Yf I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.
❧ Iuell counsayle.
¶ In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde for euer
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Ye mo than .xxv. by my lyfe
But ſome other men kepeth them for me.

❧ Iuell counſeyll.

¶ Mary fyr no force / it coſteth you the leſſe money
But you haue good chere whan you come.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Ye at meat I am mery / and at bed if I lyſte too playe.

❧ Iuell counſayle.

¶ Than theyr huſbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Ies yes dayly / and make good chere
And not ſpyed at all / I haue ſuche poleſy.

❧ Iuell counſayle.

¶ I am gladde that ye be ſo wytty
And fyr yf you wyll haue a freſſhe luſty trull
I wyll get her you / or a huſwyfe that can ſpyn a pounde (of woll

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Than wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canſte helpe me.

❧ Iuell counſayle.

¶ I pray you tell me what is ſhe.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ An artyficers wyfe / a prety woman.

❧ Iuell counſayle.

¶ Syr I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a ſtacyon
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleaſure ye ſhall haue hardely.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Shall I go with you alſo.

❧ Yuell counſayle.

¶ Ye ſyr and it pleaſe you ſo to do
Howe ſay you / haue not they mery lyues
That may kyſſe and baſſe other mennes wyues
Lo iouthe is full of iolyte
But whan ſawe you your brother ſenſualyte.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Syr I lefte hym on the playne of Salyſbyre
He tolde me that he wolde lyfte
Some good felowe from his thryfte
And as I trowe ſomwhat he wyll gette
To make with the peny
Many one for theyr good do labour and ſwete
But he dothe not ſo / he getteth it lyghtly.

❧ Yuell counſayle.

¶ Syr he dyd me a ſhrewde turne as I you tell.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ I pray the ſhewe me howe it befell.

❧ Yuell counſayle.

¶ The laſte daye ſyr I wyſte
The puttocke that he ware on his fyſte
Wolde haue trode my henne
And vp I caught a rottocke
And byt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a thenne.

❧ Idelneſſe.

¶ Wherby knoweſt thou that it was he.

❧ Yuell counſayle.

¶ For he had a bell aboute his kne
And therby ych hym knewe.

I dyd hym holde in the wynde
Tyll at the laſte he had his mynde
God gyue hym an yll pewe.
❧ Idelneſſe.
¶ And what meate dyd thou gyue hym
Say on hardely.
❧ Duell counſayle.
¶ Syre a fayre pece of baken
And a blacke bolle full of barly.
❧ Idelneſſe.
¶ By Jeſu this is a gentyll meate for a hauke
To kepe byrdes thou art very connynge
Thy thryfte I trowe is layde a ſonnynge
But tell me nowe where is thy wonnynge.
❧ Duell counſayle.
¶ Syr at the ſtewes is my moſte abydynge
Otherwyle goynge / and ſomtyme rydynge
And yf the grounde be ſlypper and ſlydynge
In faythe I fall downe moſelynge.
❧ Idelneſſe.
¶ What ſome pleaſure than there areres
Beſhrewe your heed bytwene your eeres.
❧ Duell counſayle.
¶ May ſyr it ſhall be yours and theirs
For whan a man hath inowe
Let hym parte with his neyghboures.
❧ Idelneſſe.
¶ It is thy deſteny I trowe
For to be cladde all in bryres
And ryde the horſe with foure eeres.
❧ Duell counſayle.
¶ May ſyr not afore you

For I loue yll to walter
I ryde in a saddyll / but ye shall ryde in a halter.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ In good saythe knaue thou shalte beare me a strype.
❧ Yuell counsayle.
¶ And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a ryght.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ Why smytest thou not / come of.
❧ Yuell counsayle.
¶ May I trowe ye do but skoffe
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde fyghte with the.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ Why so tell me.
❧ Yuell counsayle.
¶ For I neuer fought with man but he deyde
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ Mary I had leuer thou were tyde
Thou arte as manly as yll cheuynge
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a theuynge.
❧ Yuell counsayle.
¶ Well let vs go to vnthryftes a whyle hence
And let some other kepe residence
For I dare laye theron .xl. pence
We shall haue a sermon or nyght.
❧ Idelnesse.
¶ I trowe than he wyll come hyther
That layde fyrst In principio togyther.
❧ Ambo.
¶ Go we / for we two wyll go thyder
There as we wyll make mery by this lyght.
❧ Actio.
¶ A syr I haue ben longe awaye

I ſayd I wolde ſe you by the lyght daye.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ There hath be a fayre araye
Where we to haue be
There was layeng of the lawe
And all was not worthe a newe ſtrawe
So god helpe me.

❧ Actio.

¶ Syr I ſawe the wenche that dyde youre necke clawe
That bare in her hande a gay gewgawe
We thaught it was lyke a pawe
Of a whytynge
She helde me with a tale of tytemary tally
Tyll my thyrſte was gone as quyte as a dally
God wote it is a nyce thynge.

❧ Eugenio

¶ Peace man / ye ſhall here a ſermonyſacyon
Of the egle that ryſeth full hye
Yf he do here thy exclamacyon
He wyll make the to ſtye.

❧ Actio.

¶ Not in a ſtrynge I trowe
Peace for he is come nowe.

❧ Johan the Euangelyſt.

¶ O men vnkynde / wretched and mortall
Herken to this perable that I ſhall tell.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ The herynge therof gyue you I ſhall.

❧ Actio.

¶ And I to do by your counſayle yf ye ſaye well.

❧ Johan the Euangelyſt.

¶ Nowe I begynne / gyue good audience

Two men aſſended ones to a temple to praye
Theyr conuerſacyon hauynge great difference
It was the Pharyſien and the publycan I ſaye
Two enſamples by them perceyue we maye
The great pryde of the Pharyſeye
Other mennes fautes he diſprayſed aye
And his owne counſayle hyd vnder falſe hewe
In the publycans prayers there was than
A great excellence of mekeneſſe
He diſpyſed hymſelfe a wretched man
Thynkynge eche creature exceded hym in goodeneſſe
His fautes he dyd confeſſe
With great ſorowe for his tranſgreſſyon
And in the pharyſes prayer dyd expreſſe
Of full pryde and adulacyon
He prayde not / but prayſed hymſelfe there
Standyng vpryght with a perte face
The maſſe begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Eupn the reuers he dyd in this caſe
There the maſſe endeth he beganne proudely
Makyng no confeſſion of his treſpas
But ſayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
But in that he thanked hym not with verye mekeneſſe
Thre ſpeces of ſynne he reherſed by name
In whiche all ſynnes be comprehended expreſſe
By rauenours is vnderſtande couetyſe
In vnryghtfull to ſay pryde of hym than
In auoutry / all lechery that men can reherce
And thus he excuſed hym ſelfe / & ſclaundred the publycan

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I pay my tythes he sayd also
And so he dyd / but not of the beste
In that Cayme he was lyke to
For he sythed alway of the worste
Twyse in the weke he sayd he dyd faste
Fro meate and drynke he dyd / but not fro dedelye synne
And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste
But therat hypocrytes wyll not begynne
Agayne god he synned greuously
In that he iustyfyed hym selfe so
And his euen Christen sclaundryng malycyously
(Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)
(Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so
Where Lucyfer is falle for his pryde
The gospell sayd / who doth hye hym shall be owe
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you sure
And so you cursed men do your cure
For by goddes iugement
Yf ye forsake not your synne be you sure
Yow go to hell / wherfore repente.

❧ Ambo.

¶ I crye god mercy for myne offence
My wycked lyfe I do defye.

❧ Eugenio.

¶ Also I am sory of my neglygence
Your doctryne I wyll folowe full mekely.

S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ This sample god sayth vs to
That we shulde consyder it wysely
Who demeth hym selfe good / is ferre there fro
And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardly

Thynke nowe that youre purpose was sette cursedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues vayne
Under colour of vertue / demyng your selfe good
You and all they that it dothe sustayne
Be worlde than the pharysey / mennes lawes are woode
Remembre this for the reuerence of hym ẏ dyed on roode
And to the lawes of the churche abyde euery man
And ye shall be parteners of Christes precyous bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus yf ye wyll be stedfaste and trewe
Jesu wyll than with his grace you renewe
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui viuit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.

Finis.

☞ Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London
in Foster laene by Johñ Waley.

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The interlude of Johan the Evangelist

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